

DOCTOR
Merry-man:

OR,
Nothing but Mirth.

Written by S. R.



LONDON

Printed by *A. M.* for *Sa: Rand*, and are
to be sold at his Shoppe neere
Holborne-Bridge. 1627.



Doctor Merry-man :

OR,

Nothing but Mirth.

A Citizen for recreation sake,
To see the Countrey would a Journey take,
Some dozen mile or very little more,
Taking his leaue of friends two moneths before,
With drinking healths, and shaking by the hand,
As he had tranail'd to some new found Land :
Well, taking Horſe with very much a doe,
London he leaueth for a day or two ;
And as he rideth meetes vpon the way
Such as (what haſt ſo euer) bids men ſtay :
Sirra (ſayes one) ſtand and your Purſe deliuer ;
I am a taker, you muſt be a giuer.
Vnto a Wood hard by, they hale him in,
And riſe him vnto the very ſkin.
Maſters (quoth he) pray heare me ere you goe,
For you haue robbed more then you doe know :
My Horſe (introth) I borrowed of my brother,
The bridle and the ſaddle of an other :
The Ierkin and the Baſes be a Taylors :
The Scarfe I doe aſſure you is a Saylers :
The Falling-band is likewise none of mine ;
Nor Cuffes, as true as this good Light doth ſhine :
The Sattin Doublet, and Rayz'd veluet Hoſe,
Are our Church-Wardens, all the Pariſh knowes,
The Bootes are *John* the Grocers of the Swan ;
The Spurres were lent me by a Seruing-man :
One of my Rings (that with the great red Stone)

Doctor Merry-man : or

Insooth I borrowed of my Gossip *Jone*;
Her Husband knowes not of it, Gentlemen,
Thus stands my case; I pray shew fauour then.
Why (quoth the Theeues) thou needs not greatly care,
Since in thy losse so many beares a share :
The world growes hard, many Good-fellows lacke,
Looke not at this time for a penny back,
Goe tell at *London*, thou didst meete with foure,
That rifling thee, haue rob'd at least a score.

TWo beggers did encounter on the way?,
That had not seene each other many a day :
Nor met together at the hedge (*Rogues Hall*)
As perfect louzy as they both could crawle,
Each had a Hatte, and night-Cap for the cold,
And Cloakes with patches full as they could hold.
Great Satchell Scrips, that shut with Leather flaps,
And each a dog to eate his Masters Scraps,
Their Shooes were Hobnaile prooffe, soundly bepegg'd
Wrapt wel with Cloutes, to keepe them warmer legg'd
Sayes one to th'other, come, hang care, lets drinke,
Our Trade is better then a number thinke,
For I, my Wife, and *Jack*, ply vp and downe,
To make our eu'ry day worth halfe a Crowne :
Most Townes in *Flanders* I haue learn'd to name,
And am a poore distressed Souldier lame ;
And sometimes I their Charities desire,
Like one hath lost all that I had by fire.
Fire (quoth the other) come along mad knaue,
Lets goe where we some watering place may haue,
Where's the best Beere to giue a Man content?

I haue

Nothing but Mirth.

I haue a penny that was neuer spent,
And twentie Slaues, I Gentlemen did name,
Before I could be Master of the same :
To many an Ass I doe the *Worship* giue,
With, *Lord preserve your Goodness while you liue ;*
Now Iesus prosper you by sea and Land,
And blesse you Master, all you take in hand,
God keepe your Limbes, and Lord increase your store :
I eate no Bread to day, (but dranke the more)
For Christ his sake make this same up a penny :
Thus doe I angle Siluer out of many,
I, when I haue it for my speaking faire,
If he were han'd that gaue it, I nere care.

The other Begger laught, and did reply,
Roger, of that same humour right am I :
I can afford good speech as well as thou,
And vnto any knaue, such words allow ;
I will not want that, till my tongue doth faile :
But prethee come, let vs goe finde the Ale,
I am as drie as cuer was March dust,
And heres a Groat, I meane to spend it iust.
Well said old *Tom*, (sayes th'other) if thou doe,
My Groat shall goe and my Tobacco too ;
Although a Beggers credit bee not great,
We will be Gentlemen in our conceit :
I thinke my selfe as good a man each way,
As he that goes in Veluet euery day.
Wee'll spend a Crowne, and drinke Caroufles round,
Before some Churles are wor'ten the usand pound,
Thers nothing but a paire of Stocks we feare,
We bring thee to a Cup of tickling geare,

Doctor Merry-man: or

A Money monger choise of Suerties had,
A Country fellow plaine in Ruffet clad;
His Doublet Mutton-tafferie, Sheepe-skins,
His sleeues at hand button'd with two good pins;
Vpon his head a filthy greasie Hatte,
That had a hole eate thorow by a Ratte:
A Leather pouch that with a Snap-hance shut,
Two hundred Hobnailes in his Shooes were put:
The Stockings that his clownish Legges did fit,
Were Kersie to the calfe, and rother knit,
And at a word th'apparell that hee wore
Was not worth twelue-Pence, sold at, *Who gines more;*
The other Suretie of an other Stuffe,
His neck inuiron'd with a double Ruffe,
Made Lawne and Cambrick both such common ware
His double-fer had faling-band to spare:
His fashion new, with last edition stood:
His Rapier hilts imbrew'd in golden blood:
And these same Trappings made him seeme one sound,
To passe his credite for an hundred pound;
So was accepted, Ruffet-coat denay'd:
But when time came the money should be payd,
And Mounseur Vsurer did haunt him out,
Strange alteration strooke his heart in doubt:
For in the Counter he was gone to dwell,
And Brokers had his painted Cloathes to sell:
The Vsurer then further vnderstands,
The Clowne (refusde) was rich, and had good lands,
Ready (through rage) to hang himselfe, he swore,
That silken Knaues should cozen him no more.

A wealthy

Nothing but Mirth.

A Wealthy Misers Sonne vpon a day,
Met a poore Youth, that did intreat and pray,
Something in charitie in his distresse;
Helpe sir (quoth he) one that is fatherlesse,
Sirra (said he) a way, begon with speed,
He helpe none such; thou art a Knaue indeed:
Doth thou con plaine because thou wantst a Father?
Were it my cause I would reioyce the rather:
For if thy Fathers death cause thee repine,
I would my Father had excused thine.

A Countrey Fellow had a dreame,
Which did his mind amaze,
That starting vp, he wakes his wife,
And thus to her he sayes,
Oh woman rise, and helpe your Goose,
For euen the best we haue,
Is presently at point to dye.
Vnlesse her life you saue;
On either side of her I see
A hungry Foxe doth sit,
But staying vpon curtesie,
Who shall begin first bit.
Husband quoth she, if this be all,
I can your dreame expound,
The perfect meaning of the same,
I instantly haue found:
The Goose, betweene too Foxes plac'd,
Which in your sleepe you saw,
Is you your selfe that prooues a Goose,

In

Doctor Merry-man: or

In going still to Law :
On either side a Lawyer sits,
And they doe Feathers pull,
That in the end you will be left;
A bare and naked Gull.
Wife, in good troth (quoth he) I thinke
Thou art iust in the right ;
My Purse can witnesse to my grieffe,
They doe begin to bite :
I doe resolue an other course,
And much commend thy wit ;
Ile leaue the Gooses part for them,
That haue a minde to it,
And if thou euer finde that I
To Lawing humors fall,
Let me be hang'd at *Westminster* :
(Wife) Ile forsake the Hall.

AN idle Fellow that would take no paine,
Looking that others should his state maintaine,
Was sharpe reprooued by an honest friend,
Who told him Man was made to other end,
Then onely eate, and drinke, and sleepe, and play,
To whom the lazic creature thus did say ;
Sir, I doe nere intend to labour much,
Because I see the bad reward of such
As take most paines : Horses that labour great,
Are cast in Ditches for the Dogs to eate.

A crafty

Nothing but Mirth.

A Crafty kinde of knanish foole,
(Whereof there plenty be)
Did breake his Masters Looking-Glasse,
And swore it was not he:
His Master did examine him,
Demanding who it was?
Sir, if youle be content (quoth he)
Ile tell who broke the Glasle:
With that he brought him in the Hall,
To *Fortunes* Picture there,
Saying, Sir, twas *Fortune* did the deed,
She ought the blame to beare.
His Master tooke a Cudgell then,
And belahoured him withall;
Who crying out for mercy, downe
Before his feete did fall.
Nay, (quoth his Master) tis not I,
To *Fortune* you must speake,
For euen she that Cudgels you,
The Glasle before did breake.

A Sort of Clownes for losse that they sustain'd
By Souldiers, to the Captaine sore complain'd,
With dolefull words, and very wofull faces,
They mou'd him to compassionare their cases:
Good Sir, (saves one) I pray redresse our wrong,
They that haue done it vnto you belong:
Of all that ere wee had wee are bereft;
Except our very Shirts there's nothing left:
The Captaine answered thus; Fellowes heare me,
My Souldiers robd you not, I plainly see,
At your first speech you made me somewhat sad,
But your last words resolu'd the doubt I had,

B

For

Doctor Merry-man : or

For they which rifled you, left shirts (you say)
And I am sure mine carry all away :
By this I know an error you are in,
My Souldiers would haue left you but your skin.

ONe dying left three Sonnes,
Whom he aduise did giue,
Of what profession to make choise,
Whereby they best may liue.
Vnto the first he said,
Law will be good for thee,
I know as long as there be men,
Some wranglers still will be.
The second he did wish,
A *Cannons* life to chuse,
For when that others weepe and mourne,
Why thou shalt sing ing vfe,
And to the third he said,
Physick for thee is fit,
For earth will smother all the faults,
Physicians doe commit.

AN olde stale widdower quite past the best,
That had nothing about him in request.
Saue onely that he caried in his purse,
Would haue a tender wench to be his Nurse,
His sight was dimme, his teeth were rotted out,
His hands had palseie, and his legges the Gout ;
Yet he would wench it with a dainty Maide,
Whose beauties pride in all the Parish swaide ;
And had her equall hardly to be scene,
A tender young one, much about fiteene :

This

Nothing but Mirth.

Well sir (quoth she) you men doe much preuaile,
With cunning speeches, and a pleasant tale;
Tis but a folly to be ouer nice,
You shall, but twenty shillings is my price,
A brace of angels, if you will bestowe,
Come such a time, and I am for you, so,
Well he tooke leaue, and with her Husband met;
Told him by bond he was to pay a debt:
Intreating him to doe so good a deede,
As lend him twenty shillings at his need:
Which very kinde he present did extend,
And th' other willing on his wife did spend:
So taking leaue of her, he goes his wayes,
Meeting his Creditor within fewe dayes,
And told him, sir, I was at home to pay,
The twenty shillings which you lent last day,
And with your wife (because you were not there)
I left it; pray with my bouldnesse beare.
Tis well (quoth he) I'me glad I did you pleasure,
So comming home questions his wife at leasure,
I pray (sweet heart) was such a man with thee
To pay two angels, which he had of me;
She blusht, and said; he hath beene heere indeed,
But you did ill to lend: Husband take heed,
The falshood of the world you doe not spie,
It is not good to trust before you trie:
Pray lend no more, for it may breed much strife;
To haue such knaues come home to pay your wife.

A Crew of Foxes all on theeuing set,
Together at a Country Henroost met,
Where the poore Poultry went to gricuous wracke:
For

Doctor Merry-man: or

For there they feasted till their guts did cracke,
Hauing well suppd ready to goe away,
Without demanding what they had to pay,
Sayes one vnto the rest: Friends hearken to me,
Lets point waere our next meeting place shall be.
With a good will (sayes one about the rest)
At such a Farmers house, his Lambes be best.
Nay, (quoth another) I doe know a Clowne,
Hath euen the fattest Geese in all the towne.
Well masters (saide a graue and ancient Fox,
Had been the death of many Hens and Cocks)
The surest place to meete that I can tell,
Will be the Skinners shop, and so farewell.

A Sheepheard that a carefull eye did keepe
Vnto the safety of his grasing Sheepe;
Perceiu'd a Wolfe thorow the hedge to pry,
Sirra (quoth he) pray what make you so nye?
Why (sayes the Wolfe) thou seest I doe no ill;
Thy flocke is farre enough vpon the hill.
What Iustice now a dayes these people lacks,
The Crowes ride boldly on the Cattels backs,
And not a word thou sayest to them at all,
Yet but for looking on with me dost brawle?
The Prouerbs true, for now I finde it well,
Which once I heard an ancient old Wolfe tell,
He that vpon a bad ill name doth light
Is euen halfe hang'd; as good be hang'd outright:
And I my selfe by prooffe can now alledge,
Some better steale, then some looke o're the hedge.

Nothing but Mirth.

THe deuill did complaine he was not well,
And would goe take some phisick out of hell:
To *England, France, and Spaine*, with speede hee gott,
Where all refus'd him, he did burne so hot,
In haste he then to *Germany* did hie,
The cunning of a *Quack-saluer* to try:
Where in a Market place vpon a Stage,
He found a fellow could all griefes asuage,
Doct^r (quoth he) I want some of thy skill,
For I doe finde I am exceeding ill,
And any thing for ease I will endure;
What? wilt thou vndertake my paine to cure;
If thou canst ease the malady I haue,
Thou shalt haue gold, euen what thy selfe wilt craue.
Gentleman (said this Doct^r to the deuill)
Vpon my life Ile rid you of your euill;
Make vnto me those griefes you haue but knowne,
And with the curing them, let me alone.
Why sir (quoth he) my head with hornes doth ake,
My braines doth brimstone-like *Tobacco* take:
My eyes are full of euer-burning fire,
My tongue a drop of water doth desire;
About my heart doth crawling serpents creepe,
And I can neither eate, nor drinke nor sleepe,
There's no diseases what soere they be,
But I haue all of them imposed on me.
All sorments that the tongue of man can name,
Within, without, in a continuall flame:
Quoth the *Quack saluer*, I will vndertake,
A soundman of you in a moneth to make:
Wilt please your Worship shew me where you dwell?
Mary (quoth he) my Chamber is in hell:
Thy charges in thy iourney I will beare,

Doctor Merry-man : or

And Ile preferre thee to the deuill there.
With speed get vp, Ile take thee on my backe,
The world may spare thee, and in Hell we lacke.

A Bishop met two Priests vpon the way,
And did salute them with the time of day :
Good morrow Clerkes vnto you both (quoth he)
Sir, (they reply'd) no Clerkes, but Priests are we.
Why (quoth the Bishop) then I will consent
Vnto the title of your owne content :
Sith you denie to carry Schollers markes.
Good morrow to you Priests that are no Clarkes.

ONe climing of a Tree, by hap
Fell downe and brake his Arme,
And did complaine vnto a Friend
Of his vnlucky harme.
Would I had counsaill'd you before,
(Quoth he to whom he spake)
I know a trick for Climbers, that
They neuer hurt shall take.
Neighbour (said he) I haue a sonne,
And he doth vse to climbe,
Pray let me know the same for him,
Against another time?
Why thus (quoth he) let any man
That liues, climbe nere so hie,
And make no more hast downe then vp,
No harme can come thereby.

AN aged Gentleman, sore sicke did lye,
Expecting life that could not choose but dye :
His foole came to him, and intreated thus,

Good

Nothing but Mirth.

Good Master, ere you goe away from vs,
Bestowe on *Iacke* (that oft hath made you lasse)
Against he waxeth old, your walking staffe,
I will (quoth he) goe take it, there it is :
But on condition *Iacke*, which shall be this :
If thou doe meete with any while thou liue,
More foole then thou, the staffe thou shalt him giue.
Master (said he) vpon my life I will,
But I doe hope that I shall keepe it still.
When death drew neere, and faintnesse did proceed.
His Master calls for a Diuine with speed,
For to prepare him vnto heauens way.
The foole starts vp, and hastily doth say,
Oh Master, Master, take your staffe againe,
That proues your selfe the most foole of vs twaine :
Haue you liu'd now some fourescore yeares and odde,
And all this time are vnprepar'd for God?
What greater foole can any meete withall,
Then one that's ready in the graue to fall,
And is to seeke about his soules estate,
When death is opening of the prison gate?
Beare witnesse friends, that I discharge me plaine,
Here Master, here, receiue your staffe againe :
Vpon the same condition I did take it,
According as you will'd me, I forsake it :
And ouer and aboue, I will bestowe
This Epitaph, which shall your folly shoue :
*Here lies a man, at death did heauen claime,
But in his life, he neuer sought the same.*

A Simple Clowne in *Flanders*,
As he traouailing had bin,
Hauing his wife in company,

Doctor Merry-man: or

Came late vnto his Inne,
A *Spanish* Souldier being there,
A Guest vnto the place;
No sooner saw, but lik'd his wife
(She had a comely face)
And watch'd when they were gone to bed,
Then bouldly in comes he,
And neuer said, Friend by your leave,
But made their number three:
The Clowne lay still and felt a stirre,
Yet durst not speake for's life,
At length his patience was so moou'd,
He softly iogg'd his wife:
And said to her; prethee intreat
The *Spaniard* to be still.
Can I speake *Spanish* man (quoth she)
You know I haue no skill:
But Husband if you please to rise,
And for the Sexton goe,
He vnderstands the *Spanish* well,
Assuredly I know.
Faith and Ile fetch him straight (quoth he)
And so the rustick rose,
And softly sneaking out of dores,
About his message goes.
Meane time, imagine what you will,
To me it is vnknowne:
But ere her husband came againe,
The *Spaniard* he was gone;
Which when the simple man perceiu'd,
He fell to domineere:
Oh wife (said he) for twenty pound,
I would I had bene heere.

Tell

Nothing but Mirth.

Tell me (sweet heart) when I was gone,
How long the Knaue did stay?
(Quoth she) y^e scarfe were out of doores,
Before he runne away.
Wife (quoth the Clowne) thou madest me laugh,
That I did feare him thus;
Come let vs take a little nap,
For his disturbing vs,
You see what comes of policy,
And good discretion wife,
If I had beene a hasty foole,
It might haue cost my life.

I Am a professed Curtezian,
That liues by peoples sinne,
With halfe a dozen Punks I keepe,
I haue good commings in:
Such store of Traders haunt my house,
To finde a lusty wench,
That twenty Gallants in a weeke,
Doe entertaine the *French*,
Your Courtier and your Citizen,
Your very Rustick Clowne,
Will spend an Angell on the pox,
Euen ready money downe.
I strive to liue most Lady-like,
And scorne those foolish queanes,
That doe not rattle in their silkes,
And yet haue able meanes,
I haue my Coach, as if I were
A Countesse I protest;
I haue my dainty Musick playes
When I would take my rest.

Doctor Merry-man: or

I haue my Seruing-men to waite
Vpon me in blew Coats :
I haue my Oares that attend
My pleasure with their Boates :
I haue my Champions that will fight,
My Louers that doe fawne :
I haue my Hat, my Hood, my Maske,
My Fanne, my Cobweb Lawne,
To giue my Gloues vnto a Gull,
Is mighty fauour found,
When for the wearing of the same,
It costs them twenty pound.
My Garter is a gracious thing,
Another takes away,
And for the same, a silken Gowne,
The prodigall doth pay,
Then comes an Assc, and he forsooth
Is in such longing heate,
My Buske-point euen on his knees
With teares he doth entreat,
I grant it to reioyce the man,
And then request a thing,
Which is both gold and pretious stone
The Woodcocks Diamond Ring:
Another lowly minded Youth,
Forsooth my Shoe-string craues,
And that he putteth through his care,
Calling the rest base slauces.
Thus fit I fooles in humors still,
That come to me for game.
I punish them for *Venerie*,
Leauing their purses lame,
In New-gate some take lodging vp,

Till

Nothing but Mirth.

Till they to *Tyburne* ride ;
And others walke to *Wood street*, with
A Sergeant by their side.
Some goe to *Hounds-ditch* with their cloathes,
To pawne for money lending.
And some I send to *Surgeons Shops*,
Because they lacke some mending.
Others passe ragged vp and downe,
All totter'd, rent, and torne ;
But being in that seuerie case,
Their companies I scorne :
For if they come and fawne on me,
There's nothing to be got ;
As soone as ere my Merchants breake
I sweare I know them not.
No entertainment, nor a looke,
That they shall get of me,
If once I doe begin perceiue,
That out of Cash they be :
All kindnesse that I professe,
The fairest shewes I make,
Is loue of all that comes to me,
For gold and siluers sake.
To forward men, I forward am,
Most franke vnto the free,
But such as take their Wares on trust,
Are not to deale with me.
The world is hard, all things are deare,
Good fellowship decayes.
And euery one seekes, profit now,
In these same hungry dayes,
Although my Trade in secret be,
Vnlawfull to be knowne,

Yet

Doctor Merry-man: or

Yet will I make the best I can;
Of that which is my owne;
For seeing I doe venture faire,
At price of whipping cheare,
I haue no reason but to make
My Customers pay deare:
Our charge best le is very great,
To keepe them fine and brane;
A Whore that goes not gallantly,
Shall little d'ings haue:
Therefore all things consider'd well,
Our charges and our danger,
A dayly Friend shall pay as much
As any Terme-time stranger.

A Rich man and a Poore did both appeare,
Before a Iudge, an iniury to cleare;
The rich did tell a tale most tedious long,
Mending (as he suppos'd) with words the wrong:
And euer when the pore man would haue spoke,
With bolde out-facing speech he did him choake;
The wofull wight at length could beare no longer,
But boldly rais'd his voice both loud and stronger,
My Lord (quoth he) pray now bid *Dinner* stay,
And heare but what poore *Lazarus* can say,
My Oxe came in his field, which he doth keepe,
And sweares for that heele pay me with a sheepe.

F I N I S.

